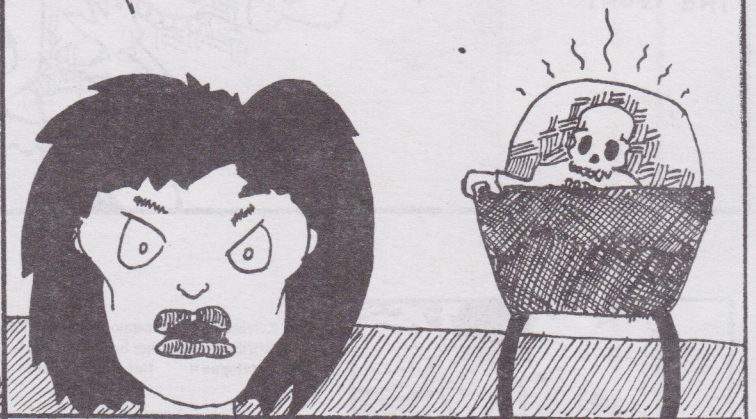


CHICKEN-HEAD FREE! RECORDS ZINE #13

"I WILL LOSE WEIGHT FOR
MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION"

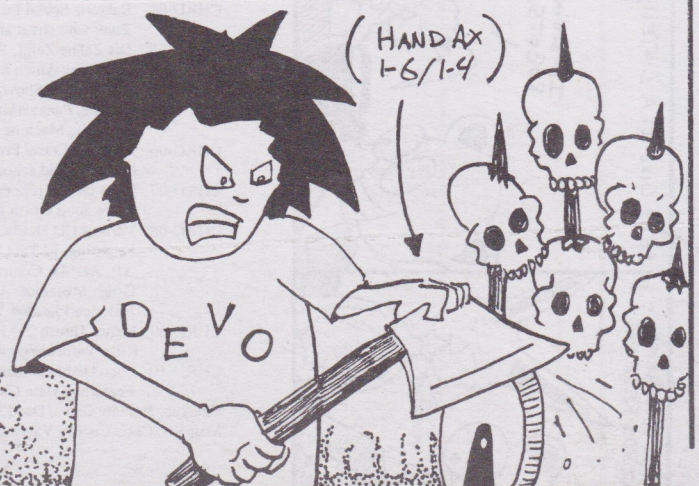
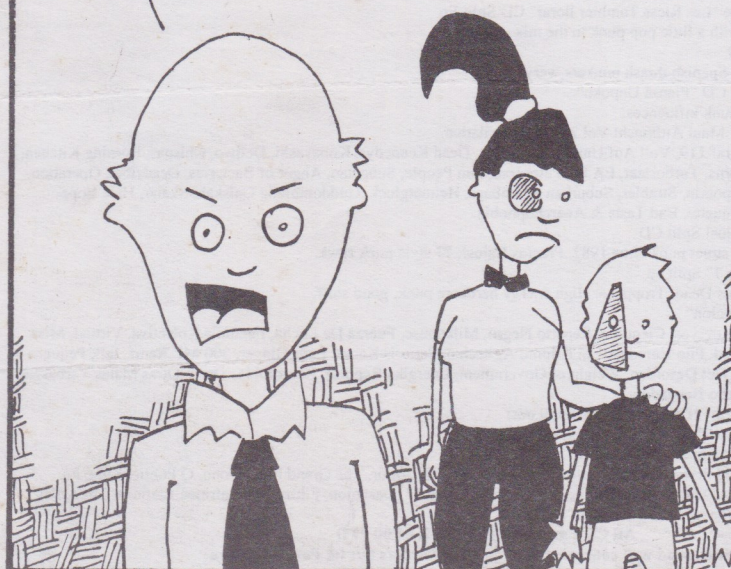
15 LITE
TWINKIES
+ A DIET
COKE

"I'M GOING TO LAY OFF THE COKE
AND BECOME A GOOD MOTHER TO
MY CRACK BABY WHO'S FATHER I
DON'T REMEMBER."



"I'M GOING TO STOP DRINKING AND
BEATING MY WIFE + KIDS."

"I'M GOING TO HATE YOU ALL WITH
RENEWED VIGOR."

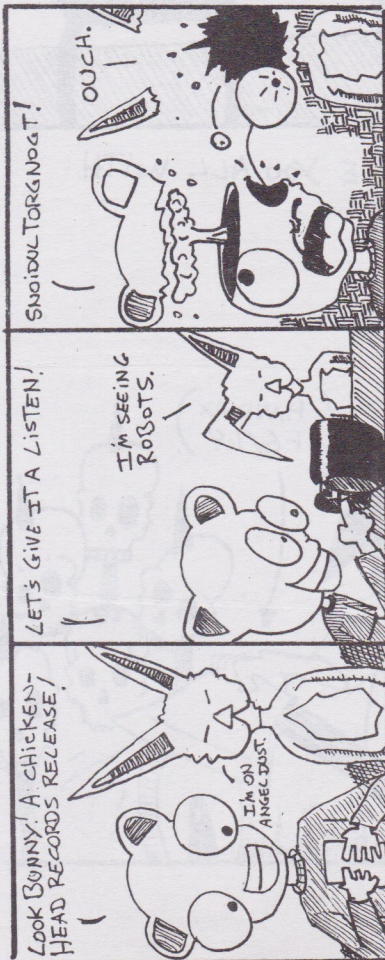
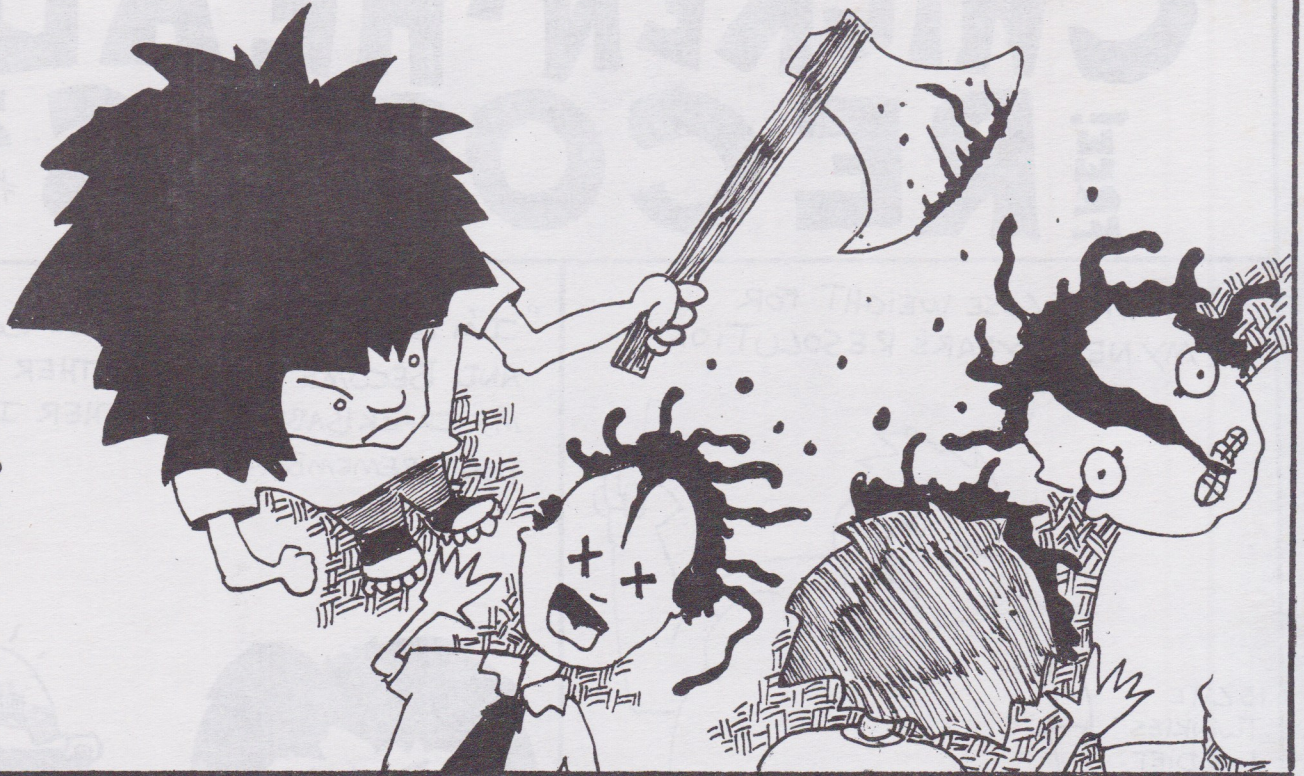


CHICKEN-HEAD RECORDS ZINE #13 JANUARY 2005

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Releases with the catalog # CHR-XXX are put out by the label, releases with the catalog number CHRD-XXX are releases that we are distributing for other bands and labels.

Catalogue # Band & Format

Title

- CHR-001: Kung-Fu Chicken CD ep The no Pussiest Getting Band in All the Land! (sold out)
- CHR-002: Kung-Fu Chicken 7": Win a Date With: Kung-Fu Chicken
- CHR-003: Various Artists, CD: Chicken-Head Records: Compilation #1!
- CHR-004: MFT full length CD: The Floggings Will Continue Until Morale Improves
- CHR-005: Kung-Fu Chicken: Champions of the Chromosome Abundant
- CHR-006: Various Artists, CD: CHR comp #2: Mein Comp
- CHR-007: Obscene Gesture/Variant Majarian CD split EP Clubbing Seals for Fun and Profit (mostly fun)
- CHR-008: Variant Majarian/Abandon All Hope/The Subjects Three-Way-Split
- CHRD-01: Opus Dead: Full Length Metal/Thrash from Spain
- CHRD-02: Hachazo/Fuck Street Noise "Las Ricas Tambien lloran" CD Split Ep
Street punk, punk sound with a little pop punk in the mix
- CHRD-03: Opus Dead Full length CD
Second release from these Spanish thrash punkers, very good!
- CHRD-04: Bakteria Sozial Full length CD "Piensa Unpoko"
Punk with street and pop punk influences.
- CHRD-05: Die Zahne Zeigt, Wer Das Maul Aufmacht Vol 2, CD Compilation.
Featuring Amen 81, Paragraf 119, Voll Auf Unabomber, Zero, Dead Kennedys, Kobayashi, Dellwo, Chispas, Burning Kitchen, Cementerio Show, Mr. Burns, Turbostaat, EA 80, Petrograd, Fun People, Subcutan, Anger of Bacterias, Deadzibel, Operation, Kindle, Pankzerkroiza Polpotkin, Strahler, Suburban Scumbags, Heimatgluck, Guddommelig Galskab, Skalar, Hale Bopp, Bambix, Machine Gun Etiquette, Bad Taste & Anarchophobia.
- CHRD-06: Juventud Crasa/ Precios Bajos! Split CD
Juventud: Old school punk, street punk circa 1982, Precios Bajos!: 77 style punk rawk.
- CHRD-07: Opus Dead/Troppezo CD & 7" Split ep
More good thrash from Opus Dead. Troppezo: High energy hardcore punk, good stuff.
- CHRD-08: Various CD "Kana y Revelucion"
Featuring: El Tajo De Los Kuervos, Cientiros, Reparto Negro, Milkhouse, Fuerza De Lucha, Paranoia Kolektiva, Virtual, Misa XII, AK*48, Contra La Pared, Pito Karcoma I El Kilomo Agitachio, Sonoris Kausa, L@S Ginger, 300 MC Ramf, Ja!!!, Pequena Oruga Mecanica, Apologia Del Desorden, Weight of Government, Energika Repulsa, Necrofobia, The Y Otras Malas Yervas, & Federico Plutonio Y El Nuevo Bengador
- CHRD-09: Planet Thrash CD Full Length "Hit by the Truth" (sold out)
Killer hardcore punk from Sweden. Old School, excellent.
- CHRD-10: Loco Diablo Under ground Sampler #5 Various CD
Featuring: Hate Choir, Hated Principles, Griswolds, Testicle Bomb, Sin Amor, The Grand Prixx, John, Q Public, Kung Fu Chicken, Nobody Cares, Dead End Kids, DUI, Infamous, 454, Eternal Silence, Sin 13, Desunion, Filthy Jim, Latrines, Stations, The Chick Magnets, Chris Cozort, Vaginal Discharge, & Mikey Burliegh and Starr.

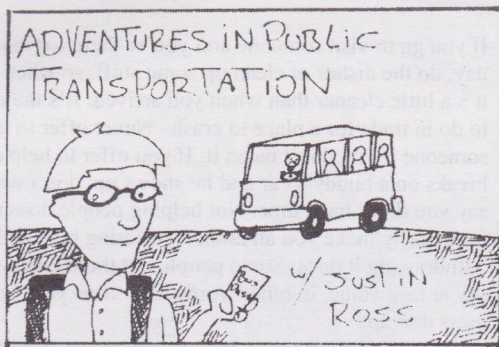
All CD's are \$6.00 PPD, 7" is \$4.00 PPD

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"Shush with All That Crazy Talk"

"...Kelt and Slav,

Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,
Those tiger passions here to stretch their claws,
In street and alley what strange tongues are these,
Accents of menace in our ear,
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew."

--Thomas Bailey Aldrich

"The Unguarded Gates"

Seasonal greetings one and all from Room 101! I've never liked that phrase, "Season's Greetings" as if it were the only season – isn't it "in everything, turn, turn, turn, there is a season"? Happy holidays then, whichever you may celebrate (or not) and the best of a New Year's as well. I started this madness with a sobering, heady excerpt from a poem for a reason – to introduce the idea of foreign voices and foreign gods: spirits, ideas, persons once living (in concept if nothing else) now dead and forgotten to you. Why? Because I think it possible that some of my batty, zany, nucking futs fellow passengers on the wonder of modern man that is the MTA see and speak to them. Consider the woman I saw on the way home from the bus just this morning: she, dressed in layered rags; grocery shop carting around her earthly possessions, stood beside a homemade plaque dedicated to the memory of a young man who had been gunned down at the very spot; having a heated conversation with ... hmm, no one else was there so I'm not sure. Perhaps she saw the dead boy, perhaps Ol' Grim himself. Or perhaps just intoxicated at 11:30 in the morning. Hey, smoke if ya got 'em, right?

One of my first and certainly most memorable crossings with that type of world traveler came on September 17th of 2002, on the corner of Reseda and Sherman Way, back when bus fair was cheaper and the Bambino's Curse still haunted Boston. It's early, about 7:30 and I'm in a pre-Starbucks haze, when I notice an older woman, somewhere in her late mid-sixties, standing in the middle of the street, looking down Reseda for the bus, or so I thought then. "Stop what you're doing!" she shouts. To no visible entity. Then: "that's a direct order from one of the cars!" Now in all fairness, perhaps in our modern, sophisticated age, there are automobiles equipped with some high-tech voice operated security system that would utter such a phrase to a potential thief but on Reseda? Right, and O.J.'s innocent. The woman intrigued me; brought out that journalistic side of my Self, so I began recording this Oracle's sage "wisdom." I'm going to record them, in order, word for word for you; without interpretation. They were shouted randomly, over the course of about twenty minutes; mostly after we boarded. My gift to you, free of monetary charge; it may cost you something else however:

"I don't have any sperm – she's the one who knows! It's sperm talk this morning!"

(I said no comment but c'mon, who doesn't like a little jizz talk as the sun comes up, huh?)

"Dirty bird, she said it... said that dirty word. Stuck her head in the bus and said something to the driver."

"Just the hand, that's as far as it got. He wanted to take advantage of me."

(And lastly, the kicker)

"Believed in imagery, like the Greeks. Used his middle finger on the inside of my palm."

Stand amazed, friends. This really happened; would I lie?

Yes, but not today and not to you. I think she's on to something (or someone) or maybe just *on* something but you have to wonder what she sees and believes that you and I miss. There's a whole world she's part of that the rest of us no nothing about. She could be the Neo, the Trinity, of our Matrix. Or just some rambling coot on her way back to her cat-infested apartment on Victory, tear in hand. Still, what could the ancient Greeks have meant by putting their middle fingers on the inside of another's palm? A tribute to Zeus? A sign to a brother of a secretive Platovian order?

Whenever someone gives me THE finger, I get pretty pissed off and return the favor. From now on though, I may just smile, nod, and wink – grateful that I have found another who knows of the beyondness of things, the life underneath the visible. The gods live after all.



This Thanksgiving, I went to Nevada to visit relatives. When I got there, I was promptly bitten by one of their many dogs. I hate dogs. Dogs, like children require tremendous amounts of attention. If you've been a reader for a few issues, you'll know that I'm no fan of children either. Dogs are generally servile creatures, but they are still animals and thus will try and push the boundaries of the relationship between pet and owner. Dogs will do fucked up things like shit on your bed, tear up your stuff when you slight them. If you go out of town for a few days, your faithful hound can hold it against you and take a big steamy load in front of your bedroom door. Now if some person did this, a severe beating would be forthwith, but because it's an animal, a whole host of excuses will spew forth from dog owners' mouths. Dealing with people that are childish and moronic is hard enough but animals too? No thanks. In addition to this, dogs are always trying to get to the top of the pecking order. They will attack others that they feel threatened by, including relatively harmless children. They will kill other people's pets. If you're lucky enough not to ever get bitten by a dog, you've for sure lost some sleep by their incessant barking. The vast majority of dog owners do nothing to curb this behavior. These bark fests go on at all hours of the night and wee hours of the morning, and when one dog starts, the others in ear shot will chime in for a sleep depravation fest beyond your tired mind's ability to comprehend. Dogs also require training so they don't do all these annoying things. "Do you have to train your goldfish?" I can't see why anyone would want to take up so much of his or her time with a retarded, co-dependent, vicious animal. And it's really not so much that the dog needs training, it's the owners. And to hear the way these people talk to their animals in that stupid cutesy voice drives me up the wall, aaarrg! I hate that shit! Not to mention, when you take Fido for a walk, no matter who you are in life, at that moment you're a guy standing around

holding a bag of poo. All you dogs and dog lovers go eat shit and die.

And another thing I really hate is when people end their writings or phone conversations with the word "peace" at the end. I see this a lot in the writings of "punks," and what this tells me is- we punks lost to the fucking hippies. "Peace man." That's some stupid shit some hippie would say just before I punch them in the face. In the last 3500 years there has been about 8% of that time that the world has been at "peace." What phooey. All these peaceniks are all about brotherly love, until they're down to their last nug of weed, then the fangs come out. The other group of lame-asses that utilize this saying are the ignorant gangstas that just gunned down some kid for having the wrong color shoes on. I hate gangstas. Fuck you, go eat shit and die. Go get your arms blown off for some rich asshole, die and get off my freeway. The next thing I'd like to discuss is sort of a do's and don'ts section I've been toying with. I guess it's not really a discussion, because we don't print our reader's letters in the Zine.

Friendship: Follow through: So important, if you say I'll be there at 8:00 pm be there, if you can't, call. We're talking about friends here, and friends should treat each other with respect. Don't be a flake and just not show up, that kind of stuff is just for assholes. If you have a crisis, take the 30 seconds to give a call to your buddy that you're not going to make it. It's that simple, it separates the assholes from the homies.

Be honest: Mark Twain said it best when he said to always tell the truth, that way you don't have to remember anything. Amongst friends, always be honest, even if it hurts someone's feelings. In the end they'll respect you more for it. If you're the type of person that is always finding yourself lying to your friends so they won't be uncomfortable with things they've done, you're not being a good friend. If you're doing the above because you are doing lame things and don't want them mad at you, you need to take a step back and think about what you're doing, unless of course you like burning bridges.

Don't date your friend's x-girl/boy friends. Just don't, it's icky. There are plenty of people around and now with the help of the internet, shy introverted geeks like myself can meet others, of course the quality will be less than say, people you meet in bars, but hey, who's looking anyway? Don't let your friend get rat packed by a bunch of guys even if they are being an asshole and richly deserve it. If they pick a fight one on one and lose, let them lose. Just keep the other guy's friends from getting involved. If your friend is habitually getting into fights, let them lose one but have their back for sure. If it's a one-time thing, drag them away before the punches start flying. If your friends are too drunk to drive, take their keys, even if this involves a few punches; they'll thank you for it in the future. Never ask anything of your friends that you wouldn't be willing to do yourself. I know it sounds like common sense, but think about it and apply that rule to your friends and you'll see what I'm talking about.

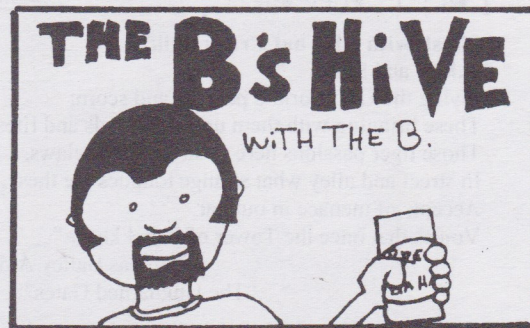
Random Bits:

Never ever hit on the bartender. I know she's cute and all, but she gets hit on 50 times a day and you're going to be guy #47. So just don't.

Moving people: You can help a friend move once in a year's time. If this person is having to move more often than once a year, they're habitually making bad choices, so they don't deserve any help. If you help a friend move, they should buy you dinner, if they use your truck, you should also get a tank of gas too.

Don't loan out music, books, or bicycles if you want to ever get them back. Make copies of music, the library is free, and you should have a bike. Not having a bike is like not having a toothbrush.

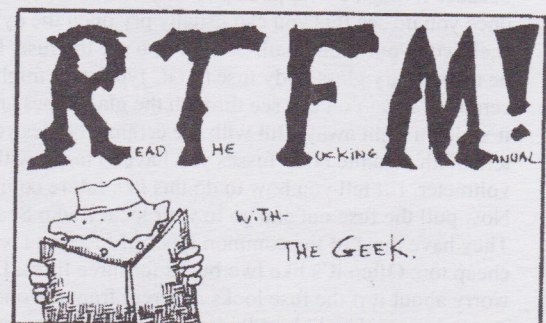
If you go to visit someone and you're there for more than a day, do the dishes or clean up some stuff, so when you leave it's a little cleaner than when you arrived. It's the nice thing to do in trade for a place to crash. Never offer to help someone if you don't mean it. If you offer to help do the breaks on a buddy's car and he shows up, don't wuss out and say you don't have time. Not helping people does not necessarily make you an asshole, offering help and then withdrawing it does. Some people out there take what you say at face value, in other words; they trust you. So why mess that up?



Hello y'all, It's me again The B, and this one's called Beer and Bloating in Las Vegas. So I recently went to Las Vegas for my friend Tim's wedding. While in Las Vegas, I noticed some strange things and experienced some interesting situations, which, I will now share with you. Please note that all of the events described in this article happened, but due to the influence of alcohol and Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, the sequence in which they occurred may have been obscured. Upon arriving in Las Vegas, I immediately proceeded from the airport to my hotel: the Palace Station. The Palace Station is where all the locals go to play. It's a great place to gamble. They have 25-cent crap tables and 5-cent slot machines, as well as more expensive games for all of you Goyim that don't know the value of a dollar. Food wise, they have three great restaurants (one a Mexican, one an Italian, and one a steakhouse) all of which are inexpensive and very delicious. Oh, they also have a kick ass café and a newly built Irish pub. All this said, you now see that this is the perfect place for a Kike like me to stay. And being that the average patron of this place gets daily answering machine messages from The Grim Reaper, I am also considered to be in the "new hip" crowd (as in cool, because I'm sure many of the cigarette smoking, sour milk smelling, oxygen tank peddling undead exerting their final efforts pulling down the arms on the one arm bandits in this place are recipients of a new hip or two). They call Nevada The Silver State, and now I know why. It's not because they found silver there back in the day, it's because most of the people you encounter in this state voted for Truman, owned Black people, and rode chariots to high school. At least that's the case at the Palace Station in Las Vegas. Anyway, I got to the hotel, put my stuff in my room, and proceeded to go downstairs to have my lunch. Where did I go. To the Irish pub of course. I wanted food, but I also wanted to wet my whistle. Upon arrival at the pub, I found out that they had a 24-hour happy hour. Food and drink were available at a dirt-cheap price all day long, so I ordered some tacos and mini burgers and a pint of John Courage (7.5% alcohol per volume). I also threw \$20 into the video poker machine in front of me. After doing this, the waitress proceeded to comp me pint after pint of John Courage Ale. I ate two mini-burgers with grilled onions and two ground beef tacos and then continued to pound the pints. Now you should know that John Courage beer is nothing to fuck with (even more so than Wu Tang). It's the beer the British Navy used to give their impressed sailors (impressed as in clubbed over the head in a bar and then kidnapped, or stolen off of other ships and then forced to serve in their Navy, not the sailors who

were impressed by the majesty of the British Navy although, some might have been both). These sailors were forced to sleep en masse on the freezing cold deck of the ship. In response to the cold conditions, every sailor was given his ration of rum and ale, and that ale they were given was John Courage. Needless to say, I was more wasted than the average Palace Station patron's long life. Anyway, I was drunk as Hell and it was barely 3 'o clock. None of my friends had arrived yet, and I was already more fucked up than Jesse Jackson's speech. By the time I saw my friends Weezer and Maria (about 2 hours later), I was wrecked. Surprisingly though, I felt better than a blind man in a whorehouse. I had no ill effects from the booze, but I thought it would be wise to take a couple of aspirin just in case. This is always a good thing for me to do after drinking. After a while, the rest of my friends showed up and we went to dinner. Later we all went into the Palace Station Casino to gamble. There was this old guy sitting in front of a row of slot machines. He was telling everybody who passed that if they played this one slot machine they would win. I was completely drunk, so I decided that this guy must know what he was talking about. After all, he kinda looked like Gandalf The Grey, but then again, most of the people in this place looked like they could have the title "The Grey" attached to the end of their names. What the Hell I figured, he must know something, he's old. \$60 later I realized that the old guy didn't know shit. Ed McMahon he was not (Yoda voice). After this financial fiasco, I decided to never listen to old people again and to play the only game in the casino I truly love-craps. Craps rules! It has dice after all. Besides that, I'm good at it because I make only pass line, field, and point bets. For those of you who don't know what that means, don't sweat it. Just know that those are the bets you can make without having the dealers assist you. Also, novices note, craps gives the better the best odds in the whole casino. Whilst I was playing craps, I was standing right next to this old Black guy who was being more obnoxious than I was, and I was drunk. He was insulting the other players on their dice shooting and bets. He was being a dick. There's good-natured obnoxiousness, and then there's dickery. This guy's first name must have been Charles, because his attitude was Dickens. He started talking shit to me, and I told him to fuck off. I told him that I'd been rolling dice since I was 9. This was no lie. I have rolled dice since I was 9, because I started playing Advanced Dungeons & Dragons in 1979. In fact, I not only rolled 6-sided dice since that time, but I've also rolled 4,8,10,12, &20-sided dice too. I have almost 30 years of dice experience, and this motherfucker was critiquing my gaming, how dare he! Anyway, the whole time he was talking shit, he was losing money, and I was turning my \$1 chips into \$5 chips. So fuck that guy. The next evening, I went with my friends Maria and Weezer to meet up with Maria's best friend Angela and her boyfriend Dre. They were staying at the most ghettoist hotel/casino (well sort of a casino) in Las Vegas the Key Largo. The Key Largo was fucking frightening. It was straight out of Grand Theft Auto Vice City. The one saving grace this place had was \$1 well drinks and beers. Other than that, it was like a bar and a bunch of slot machines were dropped into the center of San Quentin Penitentiary. My friends were sitting at the bar, but I wasn't having it because the guy next to where I would be sitting had an angry look on his face and a cell phone glued to his ear the whole night. Besides that, he had the cornrow hairdo, and that hairstyle is scarier than Louis Farrakhan's calypso record. The Key Largo also had a bunch of other shady shit going down. I saw an attempted drug deal going down while I was going to take a piss. This place was definitely not on the regular tourist itinerary, but every west valley White kid that talks as if he were from South Central Los Angeles should be forced to stay at this hotel. On one evening (again, I can't clearly recall which one), a bunch of

us wound up at the Irish pub in the hotel I was staying at. There was some douchey Vegas band playing Stray Cats Strut and other nightmarish shit like that. Well, as I was getting my drunk on, the lead singer of the band said that it was time that Barry (my first name) came up to sing a song with them. I immediately thought that my friends had put the band up to this, and was all wound up to call their shit by doing my best Tom Jones when I realized that she (the singer) was talking to the bartender. I was drunk and being that Barry is not the most common name (unless you're a Jew or Irish, or in an Irish pub- I now realize), I was about to make my way to the stage. Suddenly, I figured out she wasn't talking to me when she started talking about singing an Irish drinking song (otherwise known as a song, as the Irish drink all the fuckin' time). I new at that exact moment that it wasn't me she was talking to, as I would never sing one of those shitty, whiskey laden, potato grubbing, looser laments that every stupid Mick tears up during. I don't understand those stupid Irish songs. After all, I used to think that Brown-Eyed Girl by Van Morrison was about anal sex. And on that note, fuck all you Americans who say that your Irish. Ireland Sucks! Those idiots can't even break the shackles of the Catholic supremacy that has underlined their government and created laws to keep them enslaved, poor, ignorant, and reproducing their lame peasant asses for centuries. Anyway, on the last evening I spent in Las Vegas, I went with my friends Maria, Weezer, Tim (groom), and Felicia (bride) for some Cuban food! I ordered a Coke and just as it had happened every time I ordered a Coke at any restaurant in Las Vegas they said they only had Pepsi. Pepsi sucks and every place in Las Vegas serves it exclusively. Tim and Felicia had told us how great this Cuban restaurant named The Florida Café was. They were right, the food was awesome, and the waiter was even better. When we tried to order food, he got very peculiar. Felicia told him what she wanted, and he cut her off saying, "Please order by the number." She looked in the menu and ordered her selection by the number this time. The rest of us followed suit and awaited our feast. When the waiter returned with our food, we found that one of the items he brought us was something we didn't order. When Felicia brought this to his attention by mentioning the name of the item she had requested he said, "please tell me only the item's number." As if she had memorized the fucking menu. When she couldn't comply, he told her the number and was not interested in hearing the dish's name (yucca con mojo). He finally brought the right food, and after we were done with our meals, he forgot to come back and give us the check. It was as if he was mad that we were unaware of the rules of this strange form of culinary Cuban keno he had a fetish for. Anyway, I spent the whole time I was in Vegas bloated and drunk, just like Nicholas Cage in leaving Las Vegas except I didn't fall in love with a whore nor drink myself to death. All in all 5 days is too long to spend in Vegas- The B



Do you hate to take your favorite electronic whatchamacajigger to the local repair shop just to have it fixed by some geek telling you for fifty bucks that you didn't read the owners manual? If this happens to

you too often, READ THE FUCKING MANUAL. Yeah, I know. You didn't save the manual. You thought you knew how the dammed thing works before you took it out of the box. You couldn't understand the manual anyway, so you just tossed it out along with the box. My dog ate the manual. I'm the geek and I've heard every one of those excuses. The owners manual is the most important thing in the box along with your shiny new electronic wondergadget and the only way to know what the dammed thing can do is to read the fucking manual. OK, you don't have to read the manual first. Just save the dammed thing. I always take out every piece of literature with my new wondergadget and save them all before I even look at the bloody thing. I have several shoe boxes just crammed full of manuals, warranty cards and accessory cables. I need a fresh shoe box every few years too. I even save schematics and parts lists too. Some of the things I saved I don't even have the gadget anymore. I'm just that neurotic. Of course it's a harmless neurosis. There aren't enough geeks in this world. There's too much good stuff going into trash cans and landfills. Most of this stuff can be fixed really easy. I have all sorts of stuff like radios, CD players, microwave ovens, power tools and a whole lot of other crap that I fished out of garbage cans, fixed, and use or put up for sale

(well I try to sell it, cheap). Sometimes I rescue some expensive gadget from the trash and it works great the first time I plug it in. I hate that. I get my rocks off by chasing down the problem and fixing it. My favorite thing is fuses. Fuses are a cheap little item that just saves your house from burning down. Fuses have a few little quirks to them and I'm going to give you a little information which formerly was only available to anybody enrolled in a geek 101 course. Fuses blow all the time and it doesn't always mean something is wrong with your device. Fuses are a small heater and they fatigue every time the appliance is turned on. Over the course of a few years that may mean that the

fuse heats up hundreds or thousands of times. That last time you turned on the appliance was just one time too many and the fuse decided to blow. Don't panic. It's just time to do a little investigating. First, unplug the appliance. Then take it to your favorite workplace like the dining room table. Look at all the surfaces of your toy and try to find the voltage and current specs. Sometimes this is on a sticker, sometimes it's cast into the plastic shell. Most of the time it's on the bottom. Next look around the item and see how it's put together. I'm going to use a microwave oven for this example. Microwaves usually are tied together with ordinary sheet metal screws. You may need a phillips screwdriver or a 1/4 inch nut driver. Now take out all the screws from the back and lift the cover off. Follow the cord into the oven and it will split somewhere inside. One lead will usually go down to the transformer somewhere and the other will go to the fuse. The fuse might not be easy to recognize at first because it may be wrapped up in a nylon case, but once you do see this you can usually pry open the nylon shell with your thumbnail. So now you see the fuse. It might be an ordinary glass body fuse (AGC type) or it might be a ceramic body. You can see through the glass types and tell if it's blown right away. But with the ceramic bodies you can't tell. With ceramic body fuses you have to test it with a voltmeter. I'll tell you how to do this in a future column. Now pull the fuse out and go to your local Radio Shack. They have most of the common types of fuses and really cheap too. Often it's like two bucks for three fuses. Don't worry about it if the fuse looks different from the one you are replacing, the clods at Radio Shack don't know much, but they can get fuses right. Now go to the 7-11 and buy yourself a six pack or roll up a doobie because you are going to want to reward yourself when you're finished with this fuse job. Open the fuse pack and pull out one fuse and

stick it in where the old fuse came out. If there was a nylon shell around it, put that back on. Now fill a tall glass with cold water and stick it in the oven. Plug the oven in and if it lights up, punch in about five minutes cook at full power. If you've done the job right the oven will light up and cook the water inside to lukewarm. If instead, you just see a flash somewhere near the fuse, your oven has bigger problems and you will have to take it to a geek anyway.

So now your microwave works. Unplug it and replace the cover and all the sheet metal screws. Put it back where you had it and start in on the six pack or doobie.

You just saved yourself fifty bucks. The Geek



Trash litterers of the world unite and throw garbage
I, the wizard, know of suffering. I have been the cause of many deaths by cheese. However I would never throw away someone who could be useful to me. Your world though has strange customs. I see that you kill each other for foot apparel; you call them "kicks". You throw life away for small change. Although the real "trash" of your society feeds off the poor and the hard working to take vacations in the Hampton.

So what if a nuclear bomb was dropped on California. Would you care? Well you'd either be dead or be turned into a mutant flesh-eating zombie. But who would really care? The government? Our state congressman? With their kickbacks, empty promises, and pocketed school funding. They would just use your dead carcass to parade their campaign slogans and fuel another war with oil-enriched countries. So whom do you think would really care? The church? Nope wrong again Jackson. They would just use the mass destruction as an excuse to say that Armageddon had come. They would blame it on strippers, discounted chocolate candy, moral corruption through music and video games. And we all know that these things are what make life worth living. Although they might send money to that baby you left in the Philippines on your tour of pooty. I'll tell you who would care: those hippy, left wing, Fleetwood Mac listening, war protesting, bleeding heart environmentalists that's who.

While I'm on the subject of the environment: What is so wrong with a little trash anyway? A little trash didn't hurt Mexico...much. So I want you to stand up for your rights. When you are in your car jumbo sizing on the 99-cent menu, driving home with your exhaust pumping poison smothering unwanted children. Throw that wrapper out onto the street. You pay taxes don't you? That is your street! You don't have to hang a shirt up in your room and you don't need to find a trashcan on the street.

Ok now imagine the nuke dropping somewhere where we really wouldn't care. Let's say Utah. The fallout looking likes snowflakes from the sky. Can you hear the rally cry of the smug? Look what we've done! The folly of mankind! We have destroyed the Earth with our reckless machinations. Personally I think that our government is afraid what would

happen from combining the two: nuclear radiation and tons of garbage. With the corrosive nuclear chemicals and the half-life of the industries fast foods this could open bold new dietary possibilities. The world will re-grow new forms of vegetation. Just think about walking through your garden of egg mc muffins or plucking an ultimate cheeseburger right off the vine. I predict that all the litter will fuse to grow new and delicious treats. No more will the common man have to pay for food that will grow free to all! Can't help the people in India though. Anyone who worships a food source and won't eat it deserves to starve.

Well until nuclear war what should we do with refuse? Personally I would declare New Jersey as America's landfill. Or is it already? The "B" suggested that we use the NASA program and fly all our garbage into the sun. He stated, "We are paying those jokers tons of money for space shuttles to collect rocks, they might as well do something useful."

Actually though when you think about it there are several types of trash: white trash, trailer trash, some people are a "waste" of life, some people dress "trashy", and some are the runt of the "litter". I guess that when we start to think about what we are throwing away that we should really think of its value to our society. The best analogy is the more something stinks the quicker it should be thrown out.



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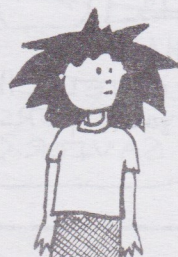
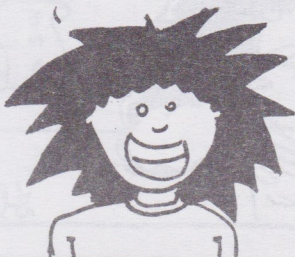
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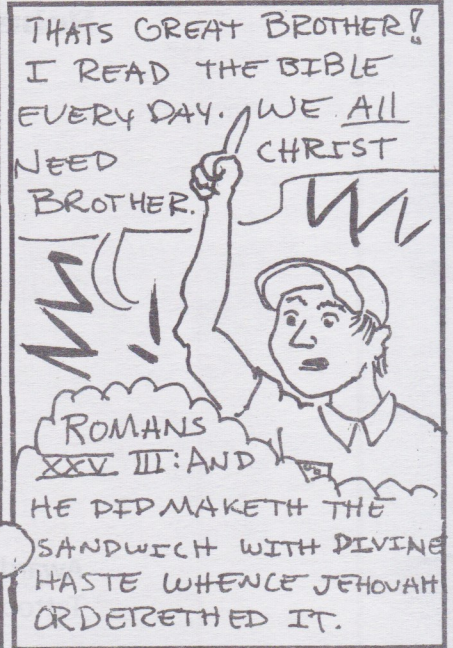
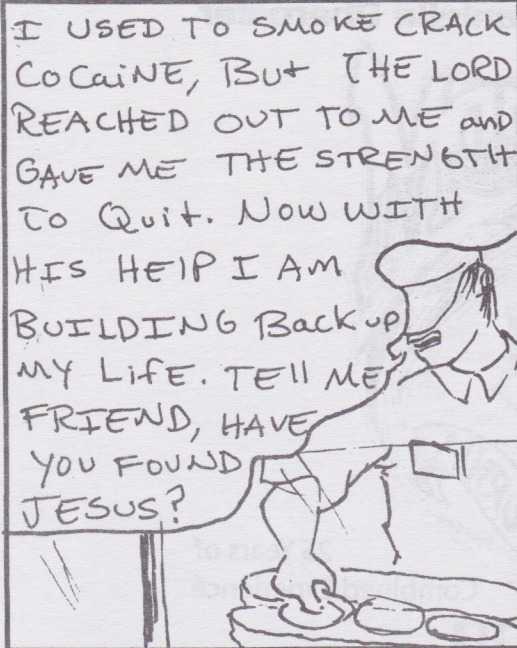


WHAT WAS I TALKING ABOUT?

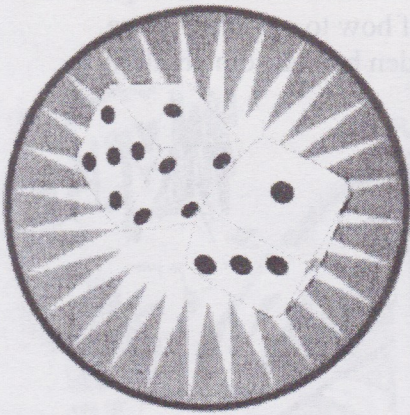


JESUS, CRACK, AND SANDWICHES

BASED ON A TRUE STORY

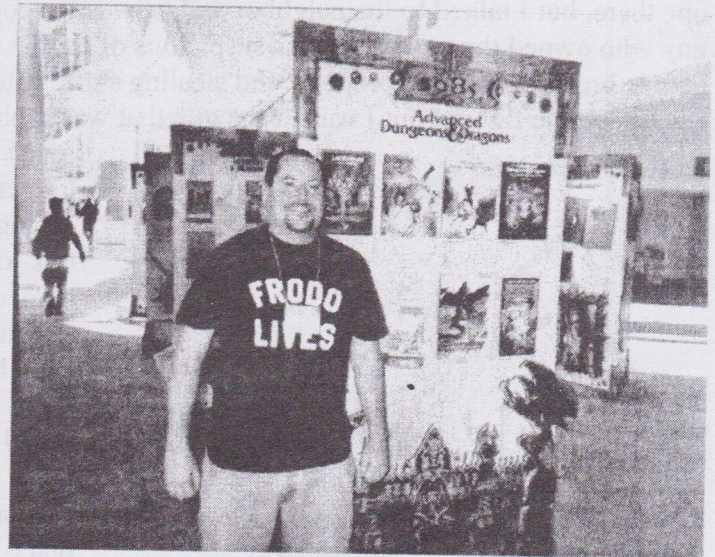


The Game Geek



Greetings fellow dice rollers. It's The B here with a special field report edition of The Game Geek. No, I wasn't gaming in a field, but I would if there were no other option available. If I did however, I would probably play a ranger or a druid because those classes would be appropriate in an outdoor setting. Anyway, I finally did it. I finally made the pilgrimage to the Mecca of gaming geekdom. I went to Gen Con. I have finally attained the ultimate level of geekness. I have snatched the cheese puff from the hand of the dungeonmaster. I have walked the ricepaper in the way of the Elders such as Gygax. I have proven myself to be an uber-gamer, a chronic masturbator, and an effective zitpopper. Gen Con- ah Gen Con, the convention I've wanted to go to since I was nine years old. Of course, when I was nine, I couldn't get my ass to Lake Geneva, Wisconsin very easily, now could I? Nowadays, Gen Con is held in four locations each year: Indianapolis, Indiana, Barcelona Spain, The U.K. (the website didn't specify where in the U.K.), and the one I attended, Orange County, California. I know you're asking yourself, "Why would a Christ-killing, Red Sea Pedestrian like The B venture into that W.A.S.P.s' nest behind

the orange curtain?" The answer is-Gen Con. Being that I'm a B, I don't get along with W.A.S.P.s, but I put that aside in order to attend Gen Con. Gen Con is the world's biggest convention dedicated to gaming. Never before have so many 40-something year-old virgins converged on one location-O.K. excluding an anime convention that is. The fact is that at Gen Con, I'm considered to be slim and attractive. That alone makes it worth going to. Seriously though, I had a great time hanging out with some old friends who came down from Sacramento. I only get to see these guys twice or three times a year and only at conventions. I also got to play an old school Advanced Dungeons & Dragons 1st Edition game (this is the version that Paul, me, and our friends have played for years). It was great to play this game, as you never see it being played at conventions anymore, as Dungeons & Dragons Version 3.5 is the system of choice currently used. It was great! The game lasted 12 hours, and I effectively became 10 years old again. I played a few other games as well, but the seeing old friends and the 12-hour high-level battle against the lich king were the highlights of the convention for me. Also, the convention program had a welcome letter from the owner of Gen Con Mr. Peter Adkison, in which he advised his gamer attendees of the necessity for them to shower. He noted that using the soaps and little shampoo bottles provided to them by the hotel would be helpful and greatly appreciated by all. I found this hysterical, as anyone who has ever attended a science fiction, fantasy, or gaming convention would. Veterans of conventions past can attest that fat geeks and/or nerds smell badly as a general rule. In fact, a group of three-hundred pound + gaming geeks on the third day of a game convention (or even the third day of Hanukah, Passover, or whatever) can smell worse than a concentration camp on a summer day. I call it Butt-Sweat and Tears i.e., they have the butt and the sweat, and everyone else provides the tears. Lastly, I must note that all was not rosy at Gen Con. This convention was supremely expensive. The hotel, admittance to the convention, events, and food totaled out to me spending about \$300. Oh, the food was ridiculously expensive, and after three days of Aramark (that's the company that has the exclusive contract to sell concessions at the Anaheim Convention Center) nachos, burgers, pizza, and so on, I was in need of some "real" food and a solid bowel movement. Seriously though, every shit I took at Gen Con was thick and the color of The Incredible Hulk's skin! I was surprised that the turds didn't come out wearing purple pants!



Was Gen Con worth it? Hell yes! Even though it was expensive and hard on my digestive system, I do believe that it was. After all, I did fulfill a childhood dream, and that's what it's all about (as in The Hokey Pokey). Until our paths cross again, always remember- Frodo lives! The B

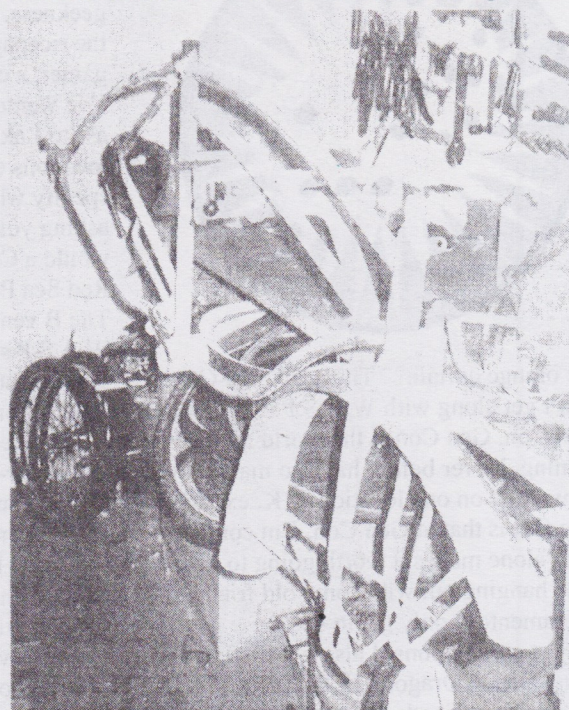


BAD-ASS BIKE!

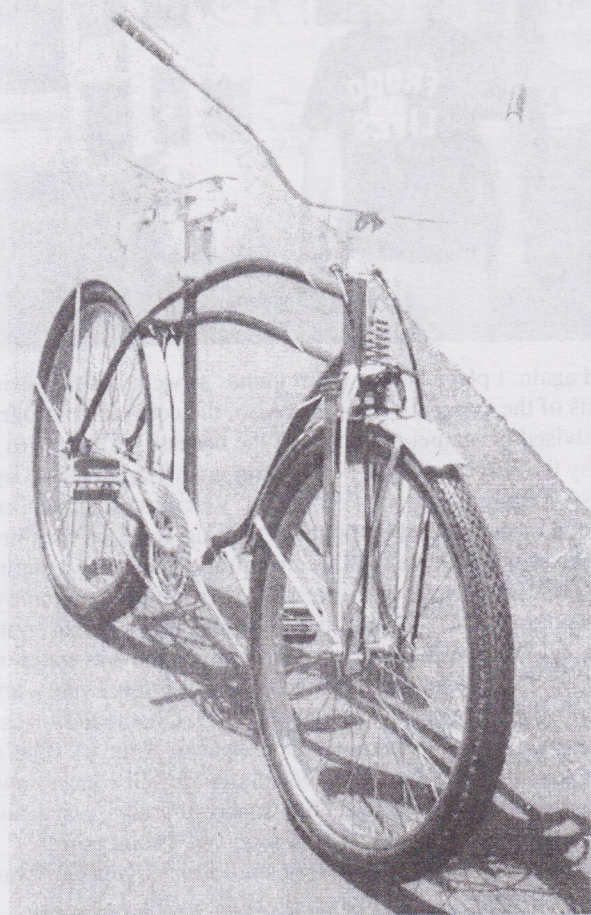
This bad ass bike was rescued from the dump with out a moment to spare. I was working at my shop, and I had some guy come in and tell me that he was clearing out a property that had some old bike stuff on it. He gave me a couple of parts and then drew me a map of how to get to the place because it was not on a name street and hidden behind some buildings. Using the map, I found an old house with a yard full of junk: 50's cars, farm equipment, mountains of hubcaps, and all kinds of other junk. There was no

one there, but I talked to the neighbor and he was the cousin of the guy who owned the space. He was suspicious of us due to some people breaking into the property and stealing stuff. After some discussion, he figured out I wasn't the guy that was robbing him

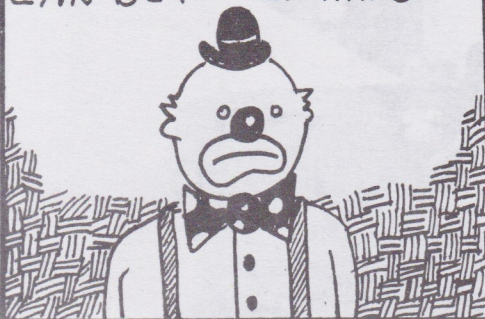
(duh). He told me to come back during the day and talk to a man named Guy. I met Guy and his son Bob, both nice guys. I told them how I found the place and we soon



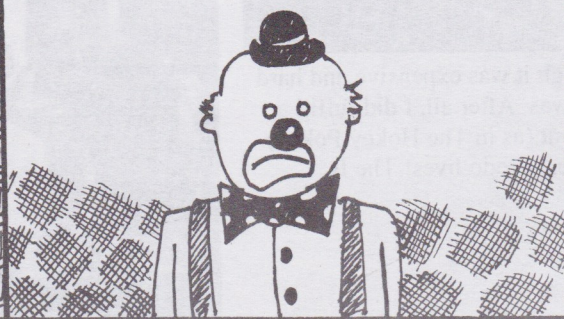
put the pieces together that the guy who was breaking into the place was the same guy who drew me the map. Why he did this, we don't know. Guy and Bob managed to find some bikes under their barn floor, and this 1948 Hawthorne was one of them. As you can see by the photo, there was very little left of it. I went to work striping the bike, fighting all the stubborn fender bolts and rust that covered this bike. After I had the frame stripped, I took all the paint down. It was covered in light green house paint, but the original color was burgundy. Hawthorne was a cheap bike in its day, sold at Montgomery-Ward. While the fame was pretty low quality, the springer fork was a really cool design. I had to make some struts for it, but 2/3 of the fork is original. The rest of the bike was just a repaint, and new or newer components. I painted the bike to match the color scheme of my '63 Econoline. Most of the parts on this bike are polished up old stuff & hand-me-downs. I have about 20 dollars put into it. Keep riding!



SOMETIMES JUST FILLING UP 3 COMIC PANELS CAN BE RATHER HARD



IT COULD TAKE ME HOURS TO COME UP WITH A COMIC...



I THINK I'LL MAKE THIS CLOWN'S HEAD EXPLODE... YEAH.





After years of putting on these bike rides, this one the 4th annual Choppercabras Halloween ride was the biggest one we've ever done. The official count was 102 riders, and a few latecomers and followers in cars made for one big traffic jam let me tell you! We started off this event with a bicycle tractor pull. One of my customers made a weight



transfer machine like the ones you see in those tractor pull off road events. This was a smaller version that we hooked up to a 20" BMX bicycle. Once the weight got to the top, it

was very hard to keep going. We had about 5 contestants and in the end it was Rick the "monster" that took the sled for a "full pull" and kept going until he ran out of space. The next event was the tall bike battle royale. A battle royale was an event that was once done by medieval knights where they all got on horses in a pen and preceded to beat the crap out of each other. Our event uses tall bikes instead, but the basic premise is about the same: smash everyone. We did three sessions of this because the space was limited and the bouts were quick. A few scraped elbows and one tacoed rim later, we moved on to the next event: the Demolition derby. The derby was and



has been the most intense and violent event that we do, the reason is that the only rule is win. The crowd gets into it as well, kicking the rider's rims as they ride past. The derby was exceptionally violent; the numbers of cuts and bruises wracked up by the riders was quite impressive. A couple of the bikes we bent up like a banana so they had to be trashed after the event. In the end, it was Kevin Fetus and Tank in the final round and they threw



their bikes at each other for a tie. After this, we went on the ride and took over traffic in both lanes for a few miles. Nothing like a 100+ bike freaks all decked out in costume rolling down the street. We wound up at Das Bauhaus for some dogs and suds with live performances from Thailand's Blibdoolploop, local S.F.V. hardcore people Varant Majarian, and my friend Bob's band, but they kicked him out so fuck that band! Once again, a great time for all. Thanks to all of you who helped make it happen by showing up. See you at the next one! Choppercabras.

More pics and info at:
www.choppercabras.org



The Suburban Terrorist

Greetings, this issue we're doing an interview with a local suburban terrorist of wide renown. You may have seen his stickers on almost every crosswalk light in the Valley. Someone this diligent deserves a deeper look.

CHR: How long have you been tagging/putting up stickers for?

Done: About 7 years.

CHR: How many of the stickers have you put up in that time?

Done: About 7 to 8 thousand.

CHR: And how many painted pieces have you done?

Done: A grip, a lot, I couldn't even tell you how much.

CHR: What names do you go by besides Done?

Done: I'll pass on that one.

CHR: What places have you done up besides LA?

Done: San Francisco, San Diego, that's about it.

CHR: Are there rules that people follow in tagging?

Done: Not really.

CHR: Do you consider anything off limits?

Done: Well, don't cover up things that you can't top, also personal property, cars, etc.

CHR: What about rental trucks?

Done: Yeah.

CHR: So you've changed since you've started.



Done: Yeah, what I will tag and what I won't has changed.

CHR: Is there a spot you'd love to tag up?

Done: Yeah, there's this spot on the 134 that needs to get covered.

CHR: Does your work have a statement or is it just for kicks?

Done: Just for kicks, it's not saying much, but saying anything else would just sound stupid.

CHR: Have you had problems with other taggers?

Done: Yeah. No... no problems.

CHR: Could you though?

Done: Yeah.

CHR: Why?

Done: Back to the disrespect thing: some of us take a lot of pride in our work.

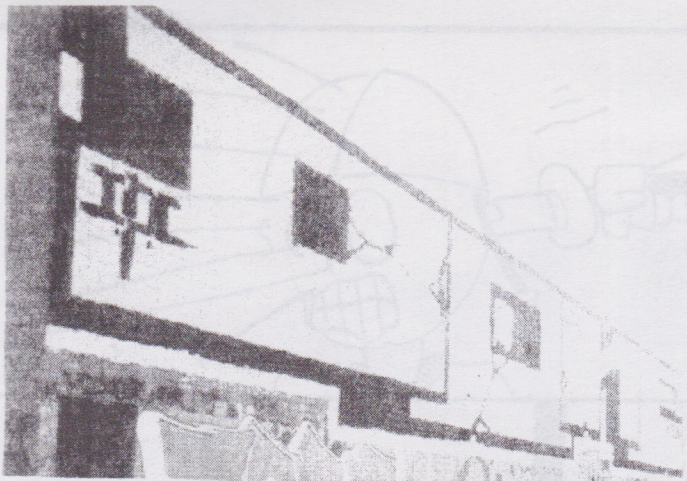
CHR: Have you had trouble with the law?

Done: Yes.

CHR: Explain!

Done: I was painting trains with a friend and the police came. I got caught and was charged with felony vandalism. I got 1 week in jail and community service.





CHR: You've ran from the cops?

Done: Yeah, this freeway spot in the Hollywood area next to a storage place, there were cameras, but we didn't notice them. We moved down a ways and saw about 9 cop cars coming down the way.

CHR: Why do you think tagging has become so popular?

Done: Cause it's cool, it's rebellious, it's pop art and anyone can do it.

CHR: There's career potential?

Done: Yes, signage, tattooing, house painting, graphic design, logos, store design, it's all connected. Now it's

more about a career than just graffiti which makes it lame.

CHR: At some point do you think you'd stop, or what would make you stop?

Done: If it's on to my second felony, and I'm looking at my third it's defiantly questionable. Otherwise, I don't know what would make me stop.

CHR: Do you think some taggers go to far?

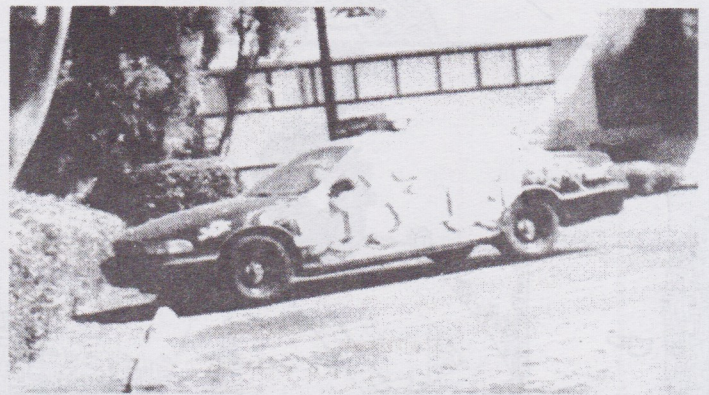
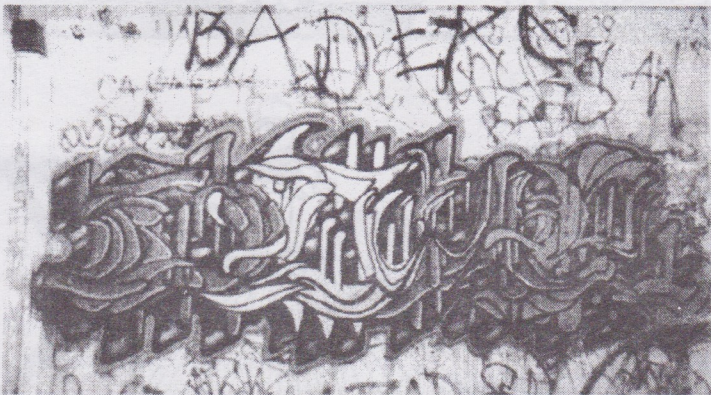
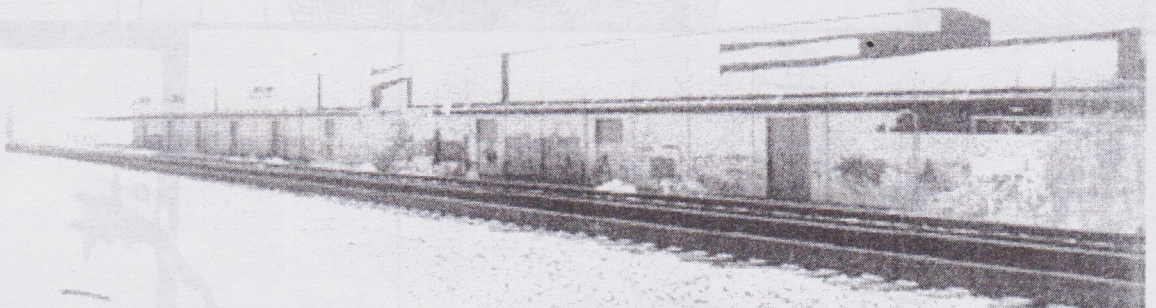
Done: No.

CHR: Why not?

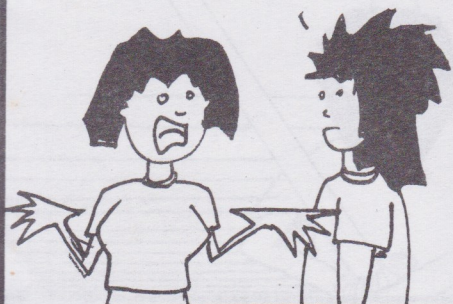
Done: When they make careers out of it but don't go out and tag, they should call it something else.

CHR: What about all the shooting?

Done: Yeah, that's a little far, but if those are the people you're involved with, you should be prepared for it.



EVER WONDER IF THERE'S A
POINT TO ALL THIS?
ALL OF WHAT?

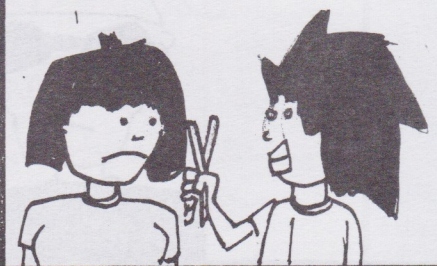


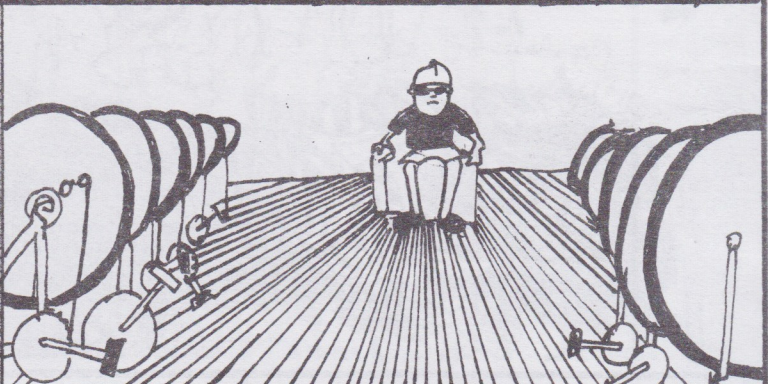
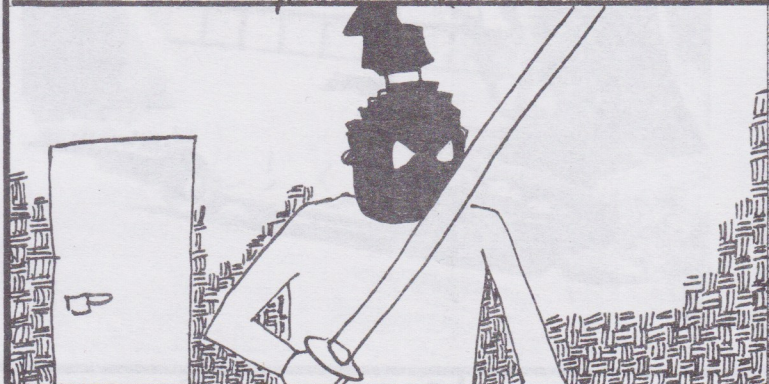
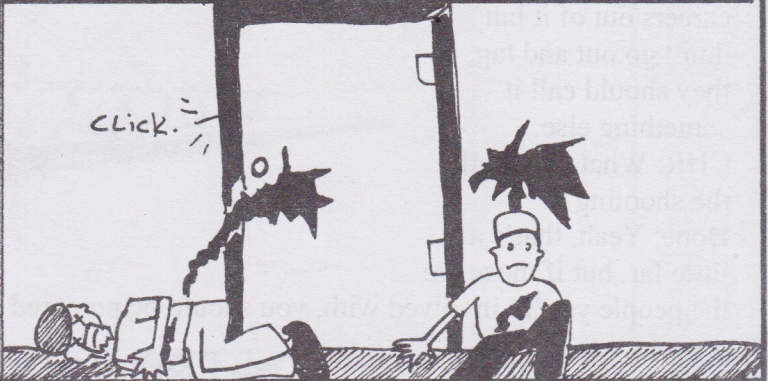
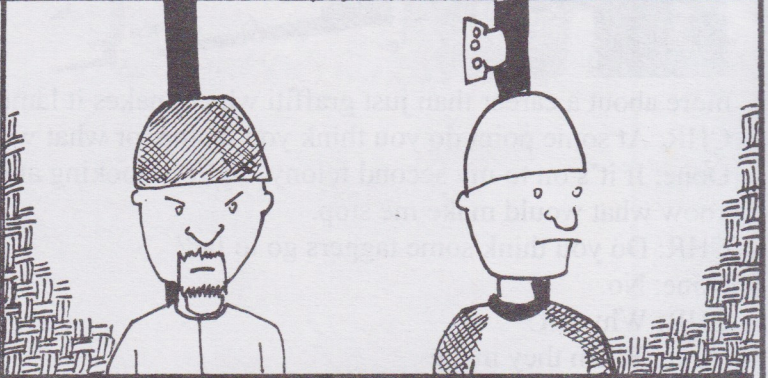
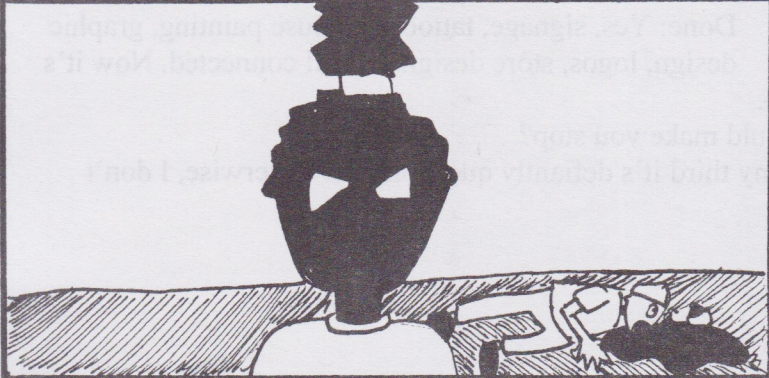
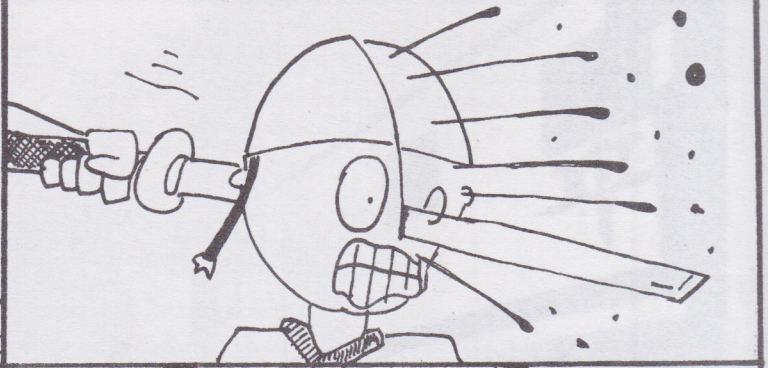
LIFE, WORK, SCHOOL, RENT,
RELATIONSHIPS, ETC YOU KNOW, WHY
WE ARE HERE, WHAT'S THE POINT?
DON'T BE SILLY,
THERE'S NO POINT AT ALL.



PIXIE STICK?

SURE.





VERY GOOD RONIN. YOU'VE MANAGED TO
DEFEAT ALL OF MY MEN, EVEN AESOP.
APPEARENTLY I'VE UNDERESTIMATED
YOUR SKILL



NOTHING TO SAY? VERY
WELL THEN, DOWN TO
BUSINESS.



DEATH OF 1000
- SWORD CUTS!



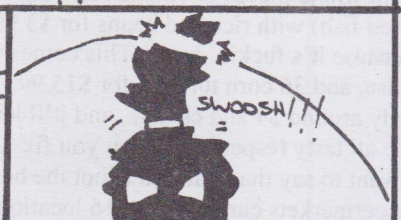
CLANG!



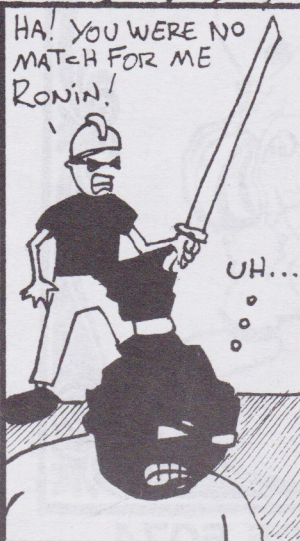
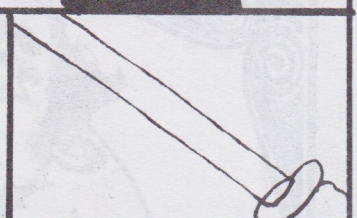
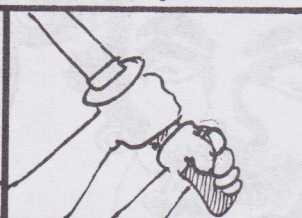
KWANG!



CLANG!!



SWOOSH!!!



HA! YOU WERE NO
MATCH FOR ME
RONIN!

UH...



Now I FINISH
- YOU...



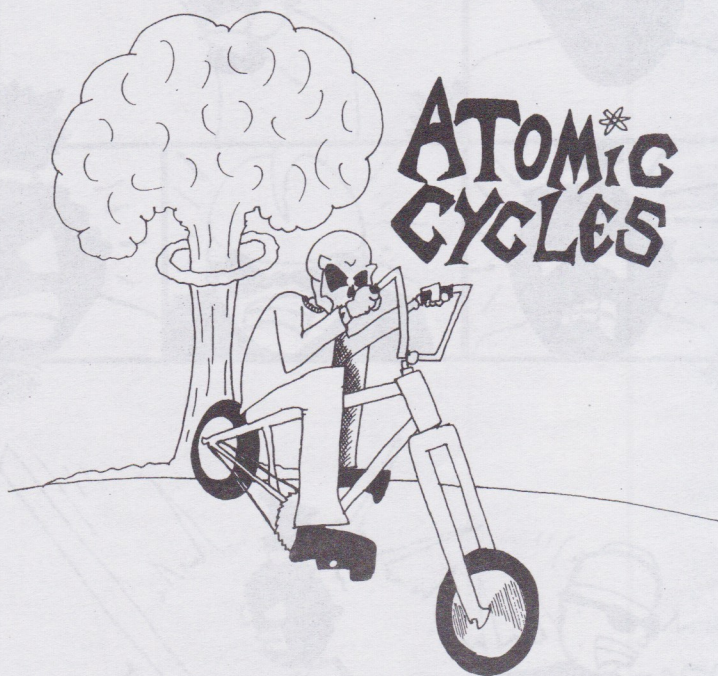
Seasoned Eatings everyone. Tis I, The B, here again for another installment of The Ghetto Gourmet. Dine fine for less money by heeding my old Negro wisdom. This time around I want to talk about Comida Mexicana (Mexican Food). I know I've talked about this cuisine many times before, but as it is one of my ultimate favorites, I will go there again. This time I'm gonna' tell you about a good place in a strange location. The place I'm talking about is the cocina (kitchen) in your neighborhood Vallarta Supermarket. Vallarta Supermarkets are a very popular chain of Mexican supermarkets throughout the San Fernando Valley. My friends and I always get our meat from their butcher shop when we want to barbecue. They'll even prepare it for you with salsa, peppers, and onions for around 50 cents more a pound (it's delicious and worth it). But today, let's talk about their cocina and the prepared food they serve. Every week the cocina offers at least 1 special. You can check the weekly circular for these. The one I am looking at now for this week has four prepared food Specials. All are available for consumption there in the dining area or for take out. None of the weekly specials break the over \$5 rule. The specials change and return. I believe the most popular choices are the ones most frequently featured. This week's specials (as of my writing this article, so

check your updated circular for the current week) are: 3 Tacos Combo (your choice of meat(s)) with rice and beans for \$3.49; 3 Flautas Combo (large fried taquitos again with your choice of meat(s) and rice and beans for \$3.99; Caldo de Pollo (Mexican chicken soup served with whole pieces of chicken and big vegetables) with rice and 6 tortillas for \$4.99; Mojarra Frita Combo (fried fish combo with an entire fried fish) with rice and beans for \$3.99; and lastly, The Vallarta Combo (get 4 friends in on this one to keep it ghettonomic and also because it's fuckin' huge) This comes with a whole roasted chicken, a pound of carnitas (fried pork), one pound each of rice, beans, and salsa, and 36 corn tortillas for \$15.99. This will easily feed 5, but if you can get at least 4 people to throw down on it, it'll cost each of you only around \$4 and change, and it'll leave both you and your wallet full. I have had the tacos, the roasted chicken, and the carnitas. They are all tasty (especially when you fix 'em up with your choice of the ample Mexican condiments they provide at their salsa bar. In closing, I want to say that Vallarta is not the best Mexican food I've ever eaten, but it's tasty, filling, hearty, and you can't beat the price. Vallarta Supermarkets currently has 16 locations with three more being built right at this very moment. All locations have a cocina, and all offer the weekly-prepared food specials. I'm not going to list all of the store locations here, but I will tell you the address of my favorite one. The Vallarta Supermarket located at 10950 Sherman Way (cross street Vineland) in Burbank (actually the border of North Hollywood and Burbank). This store used to be a Costco warehouse store, and it still takes up the same original space the Costco did, so the cocina and dining area are nice and big. Well, that's all for now. See you in the food line- El Barril (The B)

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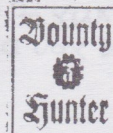
RED ZONE

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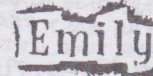
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For your New Year's resolution, resolve to hate:

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YULETIDE EAT SHIT AND DIE!

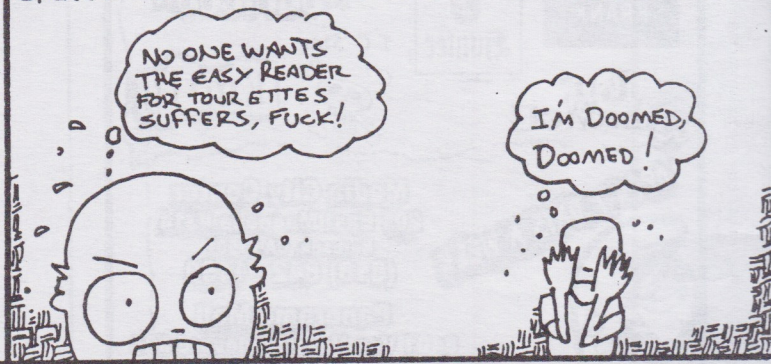
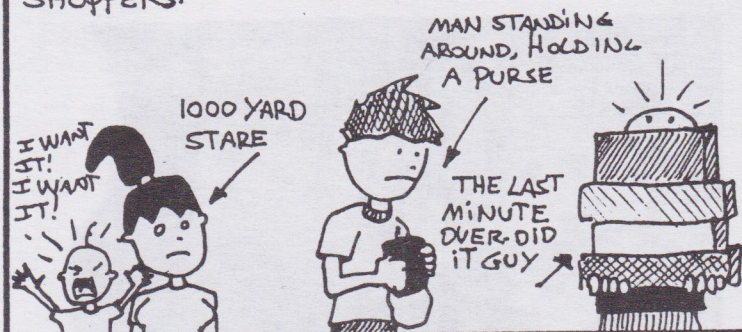
EVERY YEAR WE NOW HAVE A CHRISTMAS SEASON. IT LASTS TWO MONTHS, STARTING FROM OCTOBER 31ST TO JAN 1ST. AT ONE POINT, IT USED TO BE IN DECEMBER ONLY.

EVERYWHERE YOU GO, CHRISTMAS JINGLES & TRAPPINGS INVADE ALMOST EVERY ASPECT OF YOUR DAILY LIVES. SOMETHING MUNDANE AS GETTING A CUP OF COFFEE TURNS INTO A CIRCLE JERK OF CHRISTMAS FANATICS TRYING TO SUBDUCE YOU WITH YULETIDE HORSESHIT.



AND ALL AROUND YOU, PEOPLE ARE STRESSING ABOUT NOT HAVING ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY ALL THE CRAP THEY WANT TO FOR FRIENDS & FAMILY. IN ADDITION, IF YOU VENTURE TO ANY RETAIL STORE BE PREPARED TO WADE THROUGH HORDES OF THESE STRESSED OUT SHOPPERS.

AS WELL AS THE SHOPPERS, THE STORE OWNERS AND ALL BIG RETAIL OUTLETS START SHITTING A BRICK ABOUT CHRISTMAS. THEY SIT BEHIND THEIR COUNTERS WITH PANIC STRICKEN LOOKS ON THEIR FACES. AND NEVER EVER ASK HOW'S BUSINESS DOING. THE LITANY OF WOES THAT SPEWS FORTH WILL STRIKE YOU DEAF, DUMB, & BLIND.



AFTER ALL THAT THE BEST IS YET TO COME: VISITING THE RELATIVES. IF YOU WEREN'T RELATED, YOU WOULD HAVE SHOT THEM ALL BY NOW.

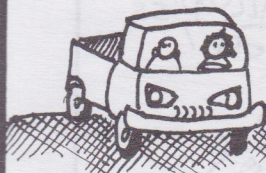
ISNT IT SUPPOSED TO BE THE HAPPIEST TIME OF THE YEAR? I'LL BE SMILING FOR SURE WHEN IT'S OVER AND DONE WITH. YOU CANT COUNT THE HAPPY ONES ON A SINGLE HAND. OH WELL, JUST DO YOUR BEST TO GET THROUGH IT WITH YOUR SANITY INTACT. OK, MAYBE NOT.



Out in Public!

J. HUGES
P. de VALERA
8/04

OK, HERE WE ARE AT
FUCKING STARBUCKS!
IF IT WASN'T FOR ALL
THE TOILET PAPER WE
STEAL FROM THIS
PLACE, I'D NEVER GO
HERE EXCEPT FOR...



THE GIRLIES.

GAWD, I FEEL
LIKE SUCH A LETCH
SOME TIMES. I
WANT TO PLAY
DUNGEONS & DRAGONS



IT'S LIKE GOING TO A
CLUB w/ COFFEE. SOME
PEOPLE BALK AT FAKE
BOOBIES BUT HEY, THEY
ALL TASTE THE SAME.

HMMM...



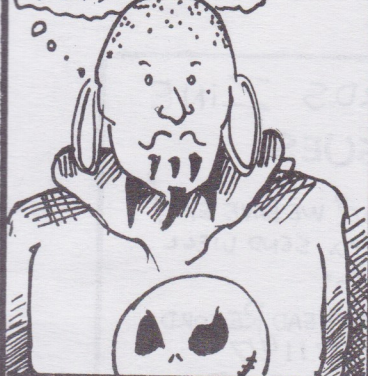
SO WE SET DOWN TO
DRAW AND EVERYONE
AT THE PLACE IS
STARING AT JASON...

MMMA YEP...



J. STRETCHED HIS EARS
OUT 3 3/4 INCHES AND
HAS 3 SPIKES THROUGH
HIS LOWER LIP. SO THEY
STARE.

MMMA COFFEE...



LIKE THIS LADY. SHE HAS
SO MUCH COLLAGEN IN HER
LIPS, SHE
LOOKS LIKE
HER FACE
WILL BLOW
UP!

GO BARF
UP YOUR LAST
MEAL OR
SOMETHING



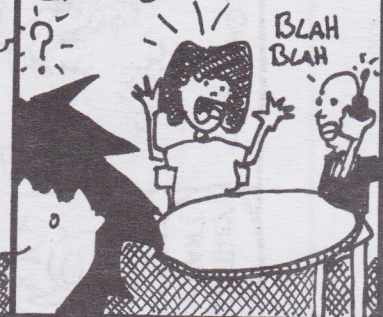
THEN THE PEOPLE AROUND
US, YOU CAN'T HELP
BUT OVERHEAR THEM..

...COFFEE
HOT...



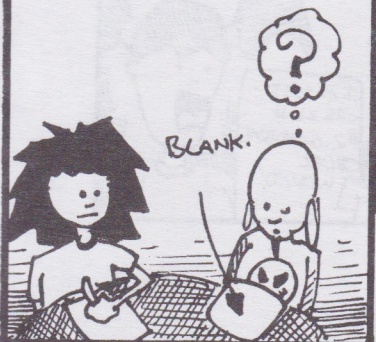
THEN I WAS LIKE
OH MY GOD! I
CAN'T BELIEVE HIM!

BLAH
BLAH



EVERY BODY'S TALKING.
JUST WAITING FOR
THEIR TURN TO SPEAK,
NO ONE IS LISTENING.

BLANK.



PEOPLE SUCK! AG!
R.E.M. IS ON THE
RAIDO! DOUBLE SUCK!

...COFFEE
GONE...



MAN, GET ME OUT OF
HERE. I NEED TO GO
HOME!

VROOOO!



AT HOME:

FUCK I'M BORED







Wolfbrigade: A D-beat Odyssey Havoc Records PO box 8585 Minneapolis, MN 55408

This band is pretty heavy and trudgy, I kept thinking I was playing the record on the wrong speed, as their d-tuned guitars gave off that impression. Some of this was fast paced stuff that was as good as anything that you'd come to expect on Havoc. Some of it was slower more meaty metaly type stuff that was pretty cool too. While I enjoyed my listen of this album a couple of times through, I didn't feel it had the long playability of some of the other releases that I've gotten from Havoc. I guess I'll shelve this one next to my Captain and Taneel album. Burgermeister, Meisterburger. P.de Valera

Welcome to Montana...Come Die With Us. Compilation. Poisoned Candy Records PO Box 9263 Missoula, MT 59807.

Most compilations are filled with shitty bands, and if you're lucky, they'll have a few gems that are worth listening to. In this case, the reverse is the situation. There are 13 bands on this comp, 49 songs, and only a few of them aren't all that good. Highlights include Venal I.V.,

Ass End Offend, and Pat Phlymm whose twisted folk ditties are side splitting hilarious. Most of the other bands were at least decent with the exception of Sasshole; they should be killed. Anyway, send the 5 bucks for this CD or get lost in the woods and get eaten by a bear. P. de Valera.

Life Crisis: Unpeaceful Protest Get Revenge! Records 4118 Florida St. San Diego, CA 92104

Fast paced punk rock. Good stuff! This band, while most likely peopled by youngsters, captured a very old-school sound. The sleeve of this 7" has pictures of people fighting cops and all the stuff you'd come to expect from a band of this genre. There are so many bands out there though, this release would be hard pressed to rise above everything else, unless they had an awesome live show. Please let us know when you're playing in L.A. P. de Valera

Voodoo Glow Skulls: Adiccion, Tradicion, Revolucion Victory Records 346 N. Justine Street, Suite 504 Chicago, IL 60607

Why Voodoo Glow Skulls is on Victory is strange to say the least, but I'm not complaining. I'm glad to see Victory records branch out to other stuff instead of that whiny emo drivel that we here at Chicken-Head hate with a passion. I have this band's first two releases and this one seems to stand up well against the earlier stuff which are usually better than the later releases. If you're a fan of this band, I'd say go get this. If you've never heard V.G.S.'s ska punk goodness, I'd say get their first one first. As a side bar, much respect to this band as one of the very, very few bands that pull off the ska punk thing well. While this release breaks no new ground for V.G.S., it is a good solid release that will stand alone, or work well with many of your household appliances. P. de Valera.

Watch me Burn/Godstomper split 7" PO Box 6488 Burbank, CA 91510

Watch me Burn put out some quirky, metal, grindy stuff. They have a great live show. I'm buds with the guitar player and the bass player & to some extent the singer, Kevin and I have jammed together, this 7" kinda smells. This band has an awesome live show. According to the sleeve, a couple of these songs are demos. The first two non-demo songs aren't recorded too well and they sound like a demo and the songs that are the demo songs sound pretty good. The thing is, I'm a fan of this band and I like them as a group and as people but I feel if you're going to spend \$\$\$ on a 7" at least put some well recorded shit on there. I think they have other stuff out there that is a better representation of how awesome this band really is, this 7" unfortunately is not. Take the Godstomper side and scratch it up on the floor a bit and then play it, it may sound better then. Pull! P. de Valera

Caustic Christ: Government Job 7" Havoc Records P.O. Box 8585 Minneapolis, MN 55408 www.havocrex.com

I was not expecting anything shitty from these guys. This 7" goes a little more on the 80's style HC tip then there other releases but still keeps the shit pumpin out chur ass like a locomotive on lard bean Monday. If you like Poison Idea, COC, perhaps even a little avant decline like Slaughter you know Cryptic style then you'll dig this jam. Not to mention these guys put on a great show, if there ever in your town check'em out bitches peace-HandZ!

One True Thing: Finally CD The Assassin Records www.playtheassassin.com www.onetrueething.net

The one and only true thing I know about this band is how truly uncomfortable I felt after hearing them. Sorry guys and gal not my jam. I know others will like but they are on some other shit. Have not seen'em live so perhaps there is a rockin side live but the CD just made me feel sad. I'm glad I don't get all depressed and butthurt on a regular basis cause if I did this would be the one to contribute to hurt butt syndrome. I will be a little magnanimous though and say the cover art and packaging are really good. Keep that assassin movin' but as far as ninjadum, not there dudes & et -HandZ!

Midnight Laserbeam: A Death in the Discotheque CD www.midnightlaserbeam.com

Dimly lit room, square almost rectangular, red walls to violet. A side room. Club next door? No. House lights low, dark, candle flickering in the corner near a pile of dusty records. Turntable skipping on monotonous drone. Wind blowing outside through the hallways of trashcan lids. Wine glass half full, drinking opta-mysticly. Arch ways, beats, heart pounds, glass broken, a slight wimper in the back alley. just the air colliding with a leaf that blows through the open window of the dimly lit room in a big house. The leaf is caught by passerby says MIDNIGHT LASERbeam...-HandZ!

Hero Dishonest: Let Your Poison Scream CD jyrangontie 7 asi 00550 Helsinki Finland www.ifsociety.com

Sixteen trax of rippin out chur ass HC/Thrash from Finland. These guys are fuckin not only cool dudes but put on an energy packed show from the first song to the last. I was fortunate enough to catch them when they came through Santa Ana this last year. They blew me away. Duel vocalists going ape shit lunging at you from all angles and a band as solid as a rock hard two to three day old shit that finally comes out and it just makes your whole day better. Drums hard and heavy, guitar and bass very solid and riffy catchy sounds. The CD sounds pumular as well, but does not capture the true essence of a live performance. Check'em out if you ever get the chance, peace-HandZ!

xANXIETY ATTACKx: Anarcho-Syndicalist CD Poisoned Candy Records www.poisonedcandy.com

Glad to seem more D.I.Y. jammers out there this dude is from Montana and tears it up with his midi jams and drum hits. Political punk jams with a lot of good shit to say. Its good to see some scene out in Montana, I would have never guessed but I guess I should have right. this shit is universal isn't it? I'd love to see Anxiety Attack hook up with Mike Meanstreetz or K-Dawg for a project. Check this shit out if your down with getting a little obscure and want to make a difference. Keep doin it bro. -HandZ!

One Word Solution: Walls Without Windows CD Dedicated Records www.onewordsolution.com

What's the word? The one word I come to a solution with is **FOOD!** But not in this case. In this case the one word was UNCOMFORTABLE! I friend with guy in band, but album make sad. To many song sound same, fresh up, you play warp-tour right? Catchy that shows. Nice people. Boycotti Cobalt Café-HandZ!

Fetus Eaters/Eat The Living: split 7" Vomitcore Music P.O. Box 6488 Burbank CA. 91510-6488

Fetus Eaters side: what can I say about these fuckers that you probably don't know already, I can think of a few words. Dude, Fuckin, Hell, Yeah, !, to bad that's already a band, but fuckin A these cats rule. Seems to be remixed by the Spacey Cakes who, if you have ever heard are also on some other shit. So yeah two songs remixed by SC and totally bad-ass. Mind trips and BEER withdrawals that take you on adventures through all sorts of realms and demon-tions. Eat The Living side: equally as bad-ass but on a totally different page. Female fronted grindy thrash that just seems to get better and better. Eat The Living brings forth three trax of brutal ear "Jenocide" leaving you wanting more at the end. In the long end or shall we say Ass End, both band rock and put on great live shows. Check them out when ever you get the chance. -HandZ!

The Vagrants: Feel The Noise www.vagrants.com

This burned c.d. is a true d.i.y. effort. It's a very raw sounding unrefined punk c.d. I give these guys props for their tenacity. I do however, think that they can tighten up their playing and produce a superior c.d. But, all in all, this is a good c.d. for a first attempt done on a tight budget. I like raw sounding unskilled punk rock. That's what punk's supposed to be about, right. You guys should never lose that feeling and sound. Just keep playing together and perfect your aural assault. Make those eardrums bleed- The B

Darwen's Theory: Prince of Darkness

This again is a burned c.d. d.i.y. effort, but this one is definitely not my bag. It's like slow biker metal with bad vocals. I hate bikers (motorcycles), I mean mobile speed dealers. I have stolen a Hell Angel's beer on one occasion, and after what those racist fuckers did at the Altamont, and more close to home, to my friend's tattoo shop, I can only hope that they all die and are listening to this piece of Lancaster manure at the time. Besides real bikers ride the only bikes that matter, the ones that have pedals- Born to B wild in the streets.

Ass End Offend: Character Assassins- Poisoned Candy Records, P.O. Box 9263, Missoula, MT 59807-9263- Wantage USA, P.O. Box 8681, Missoula, MT 59807 wantageusa.com/assendoffend.com

This is a good grindy (as Handz would say) piece of chunky, thrashy goodness. I Particularly liked the song Skateboarding. This song talks about how skateboarding is not a sport and how it has been co-opted into the crappy, exploitative, big business sporting event it has now been made into. This song says that skateboarding is just about thrashin', and that thrashin' in fact, gives the streets and curbs their purpose. That song made the biggest impression on me, but the other songs were good too. Check this c.d. out- Viva La B

The Sophomore Year: You Are Here...She Is There-Search And Rescue Records, P.O. Box 8260, Ann Arbor MI 48107

www.searchandrescuerecords.com This is more of that emo shit. Are there that many pussies or teen shows out there in need of this type of crap? This album was terrible. I'm still trying to shake the memory of this sonic turd. I need to drink away the remaining mental imprint and audio stench lingering in my ears. This album is so bad that it almost killed me. It was like in that movie Mars Attacks, when the Martians were killed off by that terrible music. I don't know how I survived, but I realize now that I did in order to warn humanity of the evil that is The Sophomore Year-B Warned

Mohawks & Whiskey Shots Compilation: www.hussieskunk.com I didn't care that much for most of the stuff on this c.d., as it was mostly pop punk and some 3rd wave ska, but there were a few gems that stood out on this release. First, There was Liberty- a solid punk band with their song Raise Your Glass. Next, was my favorite band on the compilation Bottlefight with their song Rock N' Roll 'Til Ya Shit Your Pants. That song was punk rock as fuck, and I can relate to it on a personal level, because I have partied 'til I've shit my pants on more than one occasion. Finally, There was the band Drink Fight Thugs with their song I Wanna' Murder. This was a good sraight up hard punk song. What's weird about this compilation is that these 3 bands/songs didn't sound like they belonged on this compilation. These three bands/songs were the only ones of note out of 27 contributors. The rest of the stuff on the c.d. was made for snowboarders not punks. This c.d. isn't worth buying, as it contains very little of value. I would, however, like to hear the full c.d.s of those 3 good bands- The B

Stand Against- "Until the End" My Own Wallet-

I'm surrounded by Yucca Trees, dirt, and meth. What better a place to grow up a punk. Your mom hates your mohawk, and the history teacher calls you by your first name. Play the local bingo hall and the battle of the bands knowing your not gunna win. MTV might send Yellowcard to play your prom, but in this case, ummm...no. Good shit for being out of the dessert, punk-hardcore, whatever genre ya wanna, I enjoyed this cd. Definatley check these guys out if you are ever in butt-fuckin Egypt. C-dub

Bury Your Dead "Cover Your Tracks" Victory Records www.victoryrecords.com

Damn fooled me, looks are deceiving. I thought these fools were rockasilly, but when I put the cd in my blood shot eyes turned blue again. I have to look at my license to usually remember that. Whats harder than hardcore? Grindcore! You have some double bass, riffy as fuck breakdowns, and a song that will never bring me down. The thing I enjoyed most about this was the piano and random guitar that didn't song like everyone else, some good sound effects. I give it 3 out of 5 blunts on the fader scale. C-dub

Babyland "the Finger" www.mattressrecords.com www.babyland.info

I had the munchies so I made a pasta roni, maybe the cheese went to my head but I like this. Does that make me a scenster? Nah! '77 and grind don't mix, figured that one out. Up beat drums, synthisizer spilling all over the place, catchy shit, not bad. I hope I don't have to comb my hair over my eyes for saying that. Shhh...keep it a secret. Stay faded. C-dub

Against Empire/Holokaust "Threat to Existence" Threat to Existence Records www.againstempire.com The crustiest homies are the best homies. Always down to thug chug an O.E. 40oz, or roll a fatty spleef and get chonged as fuck before a show. Hackey sack in a dark parking lot. 7" splits are always fun, especially when both bands kick ass. Some So-cal crust to fuck up your Hollywood walk of fame tour. If you are down, then be down, and stay down...and stay faded. C-dub

3rd Estate "On Your Own-EP" Cram It! Records

Hahaha...saving the best for last. Did you get you whole 8th grade class to bust the anthems for you? Anarchy against the principal. Not my cup of tea, not even shroom tea, sorry guys. Go to school get a job and maybe one day you will have the money to buy a band...peace. C-dub

Quantice Never Crashed, The Death Scene, 8642 Bay Parkway, Brooklyn, NY 11214, www.deathscene.com

This CD starts out with a track that's very mellow and acoustic sounding. Then going into track two, it goes into full bore scream/thrash mayhem very reminiscent of the late, great Gasp. At least when Gasp was doing this music over 10 years ago, it was original and fresh. Now every other band sounds like this (Dillinger Escape Plan anyone?). You can sum this CD up with this: very chaotic, odd timed rhythms with constant over the top screaming. After about three songs I was already tired of it, mostly the screaming got on my nerves. Am I getting old? I don't know. But what I do know is I just can't get into this kind of music anymore, all it does is annoy me... Foghorn

Victims - ...In Blood, Havoc Records, P.O. Box 8585, Minneapolis, MN 55408, www.havocrex.com

At first glance, my impression by looking at the name of the band was this was just going to be another New York style wannabe "hardcore" band. Boy, was I surprised. This is absolutely killer old school Swedish hardcore in the vein of Anti-Cimex, Sound of Disaster, Mob 47, Skitsystem and all the other cool bands from that region of the planet. The songs are fast, angry and they are very tight. They have a slight metal edge in a couple of their tracks but that kind of adds a little and keeps things rolling along smoothly. I suggest any fans of old school foreign hardcore should definitely pick this one up, it kicks ass... Foghorn

The Singularity, P.O. Box 5060, Alameda, CA 94501, www.thesingularity.8m.com

This CD contained a sticker on the front that said Amp Magazine stated that this album was "pretty fun." Well, I have never read Amp Magazine but if they consider this pile of turd pretty fun listening, then I know I can't trust any of their opinions. This is very basic punk rock (and I use the term punk rock very loosely here) like the Casualties and various other crappy bands. I have a message for these guys: give it up please... Foghorn

Apocalypse Wow, c/o No Label Records, P.O. Box 1946, Venice, CA 90294, www.apocalypsewow@comcast.net

When I was given this CD to review and I found out it consisted of members of Scaredycat, I was looking forward to hearing this. After throwing this thing on, I couldn't believe they would release such a horrible recording. The sound is absolutely atrocious. This was recorded at the same place where Scaredycat recorded the "Tickle Me Emo" demo and that sounded pretty damn good. Anyway, enough about the recording. Regarding the music, I am not that impressed at all. I really liked Scaredycat but this just doesn't cut it. Other than track 10 (which is a Scaredycat song from the aforementioned demo) and a couple other tracks, there is nothing else on here for me. Maybe if the recording wasn't so awful, they would have potential. My advice for T-Ball and Scott is this: find another drummer and put Scaredycat back together. They fucking rocked, but this doesn't... Foghorn

Tub Ring - Zoo Hypothesis Underground, Inc. PO Box 16008 Chicago, IL 60616 www.undergroundinc.com

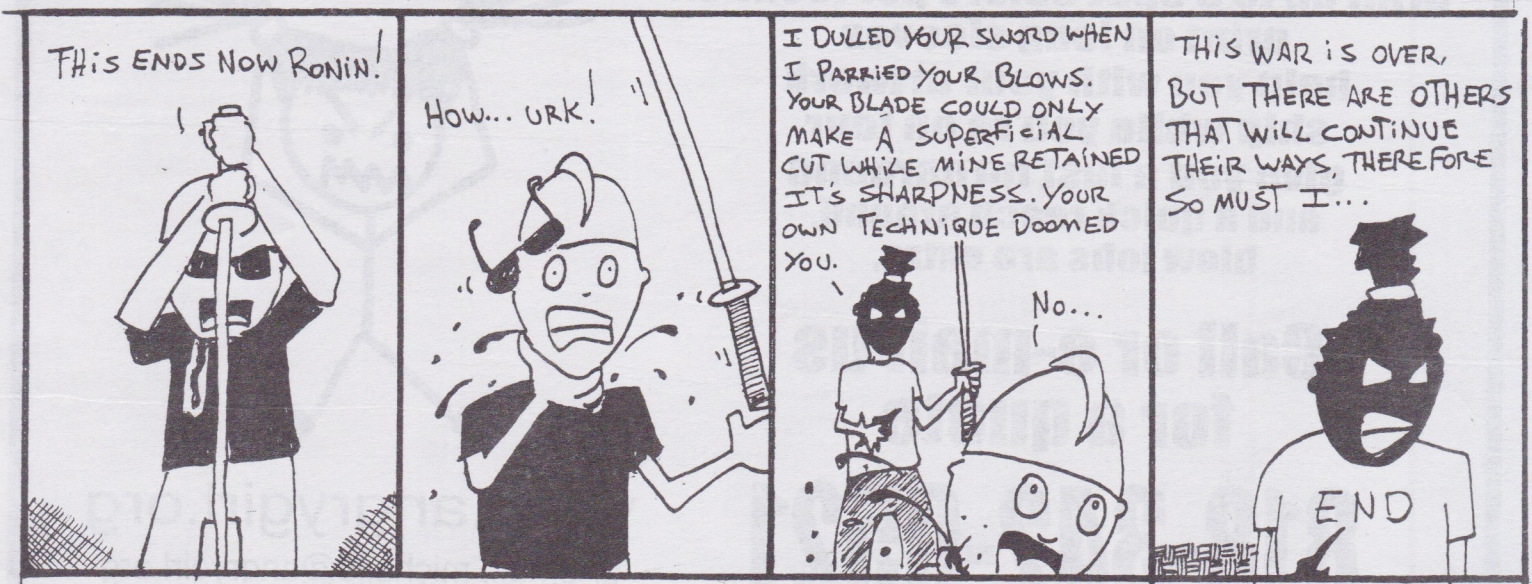
Here's something different from the rest. Chaotic, but tight and technical new school Mr. Bungle/Bad Acid Trip/Primus circus-type hardcore quirky rock. Not really the type of music that I go out of my way to listen to, but it's great for what it is. Good job I guess you fuckin wackos. -Hef

Island View Drive - what will it take Acutest Records www.acutestrecords.com

What will it take? Shut the fuck up and kill yourself. If you love running a cheese grater across your elbow a bunch of times and then squeezing a lemon over the sore, you will absolutely love this! -Hef

Issue IQ -

self titled cd in a yellow see-through CD sleeve. It's fuckin Incubus with horns! I actually don't mind Incubus's music... so I can handle this. Oh wait... now this dude is trying to rap. Nevermind. If you love Incubus, Hoobastank, and other played out, trendy and sterile music, good luck finding this CD.



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